



# Tattersall's Club Magazine

*The*  
OFFICIAL ORGAN  
OF  
TATTERSALL'S CLUB  
SYDNEY.

Vol. 9. No. 10. 1st December, 1936



CHRISTMAS ISSUE



AUSTRALIAN JOCKEY CLUB



**Randwick Racecourse**

*Summer Meeting, 1936*



First Day - - SATURDAY, DECEMBER 19

*Principal Event - The Villiers Stakes*

Second Day - SATURDAY, DECEMBER 26

*Principal Event - The Summer Cup*

---

**Warwick Farm Racecourse**

SATURDAY - - - - - JANUARY 2



All Races described in running through amplifiers





TATTERSALLS CLUB  
SYDNEY  
Established 1858

# TATTERSALL'S CLUB MAGAZINE

*The Official Organ of Tattersall's Club,  
157 Elizabeth St., Sydney*

Vol. 9.

DECEMBER 1.

No. 10

Chairman:  
W. W. HILL

Treasurer:  
S. E. CHATTERTON

Committee:  
H. C. BARTLEY  
G. CHIENE  
B. JOLLEY  
G. MARLOW  
J. H. O'DEA  
J. A. ROLES  
W. J. SMITH  
F. G. UNDERWOOD

Secretary:  
T. T. MANNING

TATTERSALL'S CLUB was established on the 14th May, 1858, and is the leading sporting and social Club in Australia.

The Club House is up-to-date and replete with every modern convenience for the comfort of members, while the Dining Room is famous for quality food and reasonable prices.

On the third floor is the only elevated Swimming Pool in Australia, which, from the point of view of utility and appearance, compares favourably with any indoor Pool in any Club in the World.

The Club conducts four days' racing each year at Randwick Racecourse, and its long association with the Turf may be judged from the fact that Tattersall's Club Cup was first run at Randwick on New Year's Day, 1868.

The Club's next Race Meeting will be held at Randwick on Monday, 28th December, 1936 (The Carrington Stakes) and Friday, 1st January, 1937 (Tattersall's Club Cup).



# The Club Man's Diary

Neville Cardus has aptly pointed out that cricket is a pastime more than a fight, a clash, a tussle (to borrow a few daily newspaper terms), and that it is meant to be played by sportsmen. The score counts less than the game. If many here (and in England) could look at it from that angle a "duck" by Bradman—who, incidentally, has made several "ducks"—or by Hammond, would not in either country be regarded as a national calamity.

It is on that note we welcome the English cricketers as honorary members of this Club, and greet them as sportsmen, playing the game for the game's sake.

\* \* \*

Not until we read sorrowfully the obituary of our dear friend, "Cub" Gurnett, were we aware that he was baptised Clyde Upton Brougham, as a preface to the surname—hence, the pally abbreviation by which he was known to a circle of friends greater than that of most men. "Cub" was a genial soul, and by nature a sportsman. He was the same unaffected chap as a director of the Australian Gaslight Co., as when he held a junior post in the City Council. He filled several positions of great responsibility, and left a mark on the commercial progress of Sydney.

\* \* \*

Mr. C. V. Potts was for so many years an Australian by adoption that England, his homeland, must have opened up for him many strange scenes when recently he revisited the old-new spot. And he must have been proud—as we are even at this distance—of the part England is playing, not for herself, but to get a square deal for all countries, all peoples.

Mr. Potts stands in a front rank of Australian business directors. He is Sydney agent for the great B.H.P. Co., and was President of the N.S.W. Chamber of Manufacturers, and the Associated Chamber of Manufacturers of Australia. We

welcome him back to this Club, which claims so many business men among its membership.

\* \* \*

Melbourne visitors are not usual in this part of the season, but in Mr. Joe Pyke and Mr. Harry Nathan we have had two travellers from the South. They admit that coming North in search of the sun has hardly been a success. However, there have been a few rays of brightness.

\* \* \*

Mr. A. D. Webster was a surprise absentee from the Cup meeting in Melbourne. He was at Caulfield and Moonee Valley, but then hurried away to New Zealand. The reason is not connected with racing, although in fact further congratulations are extended to the record trans-Tasman traveller.

\* \* \*

Mr. Alf Levy's many friends in the Club will be glad to know that he is now out-and-about again, after a serious illness in Melbourne. The Cups were not the same without this popular figure, and it is safe to say that it is the first Melbourne Cup he has missed for years. Latest news is that Mr. Levy will be fit to travel to Perth very soon, and will be among his pals of the far west for the festive season.

\* \* \*

Mr. W. F. Alldritt put up a glorious fight for life, but the odds proved too great, and in the end death came more or less as a comforter, sorry as everyone was to feel that one so full of the joy of life, so staunch in his friendships, must go. That one should die who deserved to live because of the good he did in life as much as because of the good that was in him, is one of the mysteries of this queer existence.

\* \* \*

Mr. Jack Hides is not only a great explorer; he is also a great raconteur, as was proved by the lantern lecture he delivered in Tattersall's Club, and which commanded the

better part of a column in the "Sydney Morning Herald"—a tribute in itself.

He gave his audience not only a glimpse of the wild life of Papua, chock-full of exciting personal adventures, but he told a good yarn of a wily old fellow who wanted to encourage tourist publicity for New Guinea and Papua.

When a wealthy American asked the native to write him after his return to the U.S.A., the dark-skinned one addressed his new-won friend, asking for "2 kwid."

The American was so pleased at receiving the note that he had it published in a New York paper. The native was brought to court for begging. His excuse that it was just a loan from an American friend gained him his freedom.

Mr. Hides related that he had found Don Bradman's photographs on the walls of the huts of savage New Guinea tribesmen.

\* \* \*

Joe Wangenheim, we should say, would be classed as a temperamental domino player. Watch him—the delicate handling of the stones, the little soliloquies, the nervous shuffling in his chair, and the subtle smile when he shuts the game to the confusion of the opposition. His concentration is so intense that the muttered exhortations of the gallery pass unnoticed.

\* \* \*

Japan is straddling across China with her army and her scientific men in a gigantic co-ordinated effort which is dragging the Chinese by their pigtailed away from their age-old possessions. It means—says Mr. E. J. Coote, recently returned—the end of the old China and the beginning of the new Japan.

Nobody is interfering with Nippon, Mr. Coote stressed, but that that should be so is a significant commentary on the assurance of Japan in her own power. Perhaps when the international situation clears, when nations who once were ready



to fight for the preservation of the "open door" policy in China, are less involved and pre-occupied, there may be a show-down.

Meanwhile, Japan is mopping up the agricultural and mineral wealth of China. As a result, Japan's secondary industries are benefiting, and, if left undisturbed, she will become the most powerful nation in the world.

Japanese Generals laugh at the Chinese Customs. In Shanghai, Mr. Coote saw 14,000 bags of sugar and thousands of cases of kerosene and general merchandise landed from Japan without payment of duty.

What are the Chinese doing. Just blinking. Out in Manchuria they are content to till the soil under Japanese domination, because they are now free from the raids of bandits.

It's a queer example of philosophic resignation possible only among people of an Oriental race and tradition, Mr. Coote said.

\* \* \*

In earnest conversation in the Club were Mr. Blair and Mr. Clive Inglis, which led us to conjure up the possibility of a well-known firm being fortunate enough to possess among its yearlings another Chatham, and a prominent sportsman being fortunate enough to secure it. That would be a double that would be all to the benefit of racing, and which we would like to see the combination named pull off—just like some people find favours in their Christmas stockings.

\* \* \*

Nothing would appear to ruffle Mr. Billy Longworth. Watch him

anywhere, in the agitation of a race gathering or in a quiet corner of the Club, with the familiar cigarette, he never varies. While Young Crusader's Metropolitan win electrified his friends, the owner did not betray the slightest show of emotion, that day at Randwick, or on settling day in the Club.

Yet "Billy" Longworth is not a recluse. His life is active, his interests varied, his friends very many. It is simply that he has a well-balanced temperament and—as a statesman once put it—"the eloquence of silence."

## The New Year Outlook

*Time is a horse with Fate in the saddle, bending,  
Conditioned by Age for Life's track, never-ending;  
Chance calls the odds for our making, or breaking,  
And we are the punters, a cheerful chance taking.*

The horse poet who wrote that for us in a country pub bar, while the glasses were ringing in the new century didn't know, as things have turned out, that he was composing a toast to 1937.

Fortunately he, and we, were spared the peep ahead into a world of war mongers and distraught diplomats, a civilization converted almost to topsy-turvydom.

What more can we do, therefore, in this year of grace, than to take the best odds that Chance can give us?

For it's all a matter of chance, this world of ours, as time and circumstances have fashioned it. So far as 1937 is concerned, we are

left gasping by the possibilities, surveying the broad canvas of world events, and checking the chance for humanity, which means US, and our personal fortunes.

That is one side of the picture; the other is that we live in a land by Nature blessed. We have turned the corner long ago, and are coasting cheerfully along the broad highway of Prosperity.

Wool prices are satisfactory, despite the Japanese episode. The wheat yield is remarkable, in view of the long spell of dry weather. British markets have been opened more liberally to our primary products owing to the operation of the Ottawa Agreement. Trade pacts have been completed with "good customer" countries. America is eager to even up the score. British and foreign capital will get behind Australian manufactures. Treasurer Casey has produced a surplus, and Premier Stevens will at least balance his Budget. Our credit abroad, according to experts, was never higher.

Thus, in the absence of a major catastrophe to the world at large, it will be seen that the Commonwealth holds new-year prospects as bright as any other country, and brighter than many.

When you backed a Phar Lap, a Peter Pan, or a Winooka at odds on, you had always to take the risk of the favourite's falling down. That's the way we sum things up as regards Australia in 1937. Divorced from the chance of a world crash, our country is a winner.

Our wish is that members of Tattersall's Club will all be on the good thing.

## Inexpensive "Safety" Combination

Purchase a Plum Razor with Guard . . . the perfect combination! All the advantages of a "safety" razor are assured . . . the keenness of the hollow-ground blade is preserved, giving a clean, comfortable shave. No blades to renew . . . your razor is ready for use always.

**CRAIG AND AITKEN**  
654 GEORGE STREET, SYDNEY.

# PLUM RAZOR *with* GUARD



All Plum Razors are set ready for use, guaranteed, and kept in order for two years free of charge.

Selected Steel, Black Handle, each .... 12/6  
Extra Quality Steel, Xylo Handle, ea. 15/6  
Superfine Steel, Ivory Handle, each 21/-

Plum Razor  
Guards to fit  
1/4 in., 3/8 in. and  
1/2 in. blades,  
3/6 extra.  
All Post Free



# TATTERSALL'S CLUB SYDNEY

## Annual Race Meeting

FIRST DAY.  
**MONDAY, DECEMBER 28, 1936**

### The Maiden Handicap

A HANDICAP of £250, second £50, third £25 from the prize. Lowest handicap weight, 7st. For maiden horses at time of starting. Nomination £1; acceptance £1/10/- Seven Furlongs.

### The Juvenile Stakes

A HANDICAP of £300, second £50, third £25 from the prize. For Two-year-olds. Nomination £1; acceptance £2. Five Furlongs.

### The Carrington Stakes

A HANDICAP of £1,000, second £150, third £100 from the prize. The winner of The Villiers Stakes or The Summer Cup, 1936, to carry such additional weight (if any) as the handicapper shall determine (not exceeding 10 lbs.). Nomination £1; acceptance £9. Six Furlongs.  
(Entries closed at 4 p.m. on Monday, November 23rd)

### The Novice Handicap

A HANDICAP OF £300, second £50, third £25 from the prize. For all horses which have not won a race on the flat (Maiden Races excepted), exceeding £50 in value to the winner up to the time of running. Nomination £1; acceptance £2. One Mile.

### The Pace Welter

A HANDICAP OF £300, second £50, third £25 from the prize. Lowest handicap weight, 8st. Nomination £1; acceptance £2. One Mile.

### The Denman Handicap

A HANDICAP OF £350, second £50, third £25 from the prize. Nomination £1; acceptance £2/10/- One Mile and a Quarter.

SECOND DAY:  
**FRIDAY, JANUARY 1, 1937**

### The New Year's Gift

(For Three and Four-Year-Olds at time of starting.)  
A HANDICAP of £300, second £50, third £25 from the prize. Nomination £1; acceptance £2. Seven Furlongs.

### The Nursery Handicap

A HANDICAP OF £300, second £50, third £25 from the prize. For Two-year-olds. Nomination £1; acceptance £2. Five and a Half Furlongs.

### The Trial Stakes

A HANDICAP OF £300, second £50, third £25 from the prize. For all horses which have not won a race on the flat (Maiden and Novice Races excepted), exceeding £75 in value to the winner up to the time of running. Lowest handicap weight, 7st. Apprentice riders only, allowances as provided by Rule 109. For the purposes of these conditions a "Novice Race" is a race limited to horses which at time of starting, have not won a race on the flat (Maiden Races excepted), exceeding £50 in value to the winner. Nomination £1; acceptance £2. One Mile.

### Tattersall's Club Cup

A HANDICAP OF £1,000, second £150, third £100 from the prize. The winner of The Villiers Stakes, The Summer Cup, or The Carrington Stakes, 1936, to carry such additional weight (if any) as the handicapper shall determine (not exceeding 10 lbs.). Nomination £1; acceptance £9. One Mile and a Half.  
(Entries closed at 4 p.m. on Monday, November 23rd)

### The Flying Welter Handicap.

A HANDICAP OF £300, second £50, third £25 from the prize. Lowest handicap weight, 8st. Nomination £1; acceptance £2. Six Furlongs.

### The Alfred Hill Handicap

A HANDICAP OF £300, second £50, third £25 from the prize. Lowest handicap weight, 7st. Nomination £1; acceptance £2. One Mile.

**NOMINATIONS** for Minor Events for the above meeting are to be made with the Secretary of Tattersall's Club, Sydney; the Secretary, N.J.C., Newcastle; or Mr. M. P. Considine, 491 Bourke Street, Melbourne, before 4 p.m. on **MONDAY, 14th DECEMBER, 1936.**

**Weights for Minor Events to be declared as follows:—**

For First Day, at 7 p.m. on Saturday, 26th December; and for Second day, at 7 p.m. on Monday, 28th December, 1936, or such other time as the Committee may appoint.

**Acceptances are due with the Secretary of Tattersall's Club only as follows:—**

For all races on the First Day and Tattersall's Club Cup before 9 p.m. on Saturday, 26th December, 1936, and

For all races on the Second Day (Tattersall's Club Cup excepted) before 1 p.m. on Tuesday, 29th December, 1936.

**Nominations** for any of the above races shall be subject to the Rules of Racing, By-Laws and Regulations of the Australian Jockey Club for the time being in force and by which the Nominator agrees to be bound.

Amount of nomination fee must accompany each nomination. If nominations are made by telegram the amount of fee must be wired.

The Committee reserve the right to refuse any nomination.

**Penalties.**—In all flat races (The Carrington Stakes and Tattersall's Club Cup excepted) a penalty on the following scale shall be carried by the winner of a handicap flat race after the declaration of weights, viz.: when the value of the prize to the winner is £50 or under, 3 lb.; over £50 and not more than £100, 5 lb.; over £100, 7 lb.

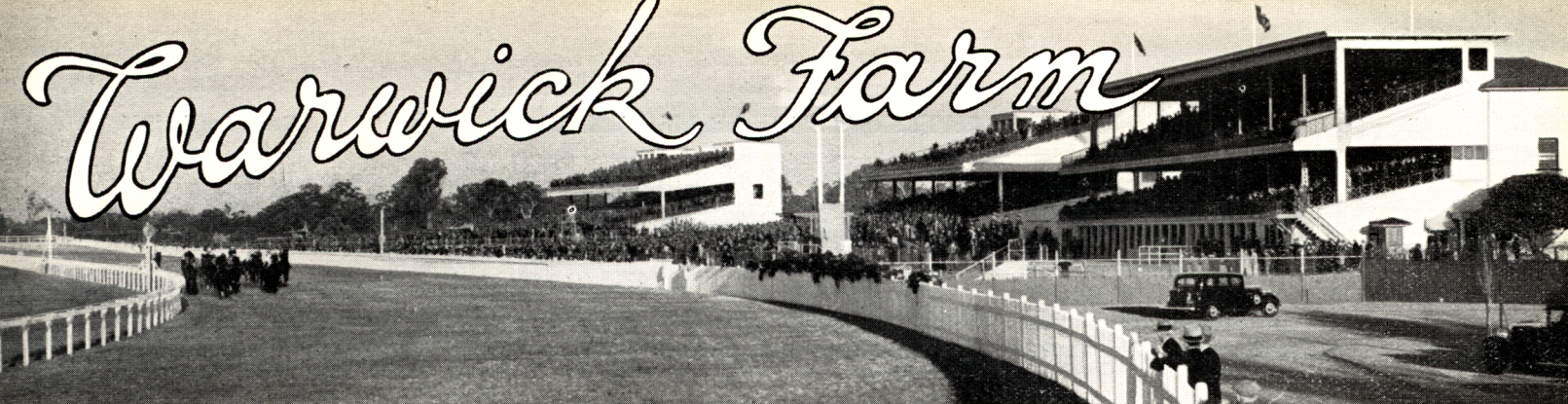
The Committee reserve the power from time to time to make any alteration or modification in this programme, alter the date of running, the sequence of the races, time of starting, and the time for taking nominations, declaration of handicap, forfeits or acceptances.

157 ELIZABETH STREET,  
SYDNEY.

T. T. MANNING,  
Secretary.

**ENTRIES FOR MINOR EVENTS CLOSE ON MONDAY, DECEMBER 14, 1936**





## It's Changes and Chances

Sydney's Caulfield

Will some early dreams be realised and Warwick Farm become to Randwick what Caulfield is to Flemington?

The present generation of racegoers have become accustomed to the Farm as an adjunct to Randwick for it was purchased by the A.J.C. in 1922 and was handed over formally to the senior club in 1923.

Warwick Farm in the early days was just the farm of the late Mr. William Forrester, but its possibilities as a racecourse were realised, and a syndicate was formed which purchased the property for £16,000. The syndicate was comprised of Messrs. W. Forrester, E. E. A. Oatley, C. Westbrook, and Thompson.

In those early days transport as judged by the modern standard was primitive, and racegoers had to walk from the main Southern railway line to the course.

Later, it was decided that a private railway was necessary, and this combined with the necessary buildings cost approximately an additional £15,000.

The syndicate battled along, despite some very lean years, with pony opposition a big factor. In 1893 Mr. Oatley became the purchaser of the property at public auction for £27,000, but had under the contract to liquidate a number of existing liabilities, bringing his outlay to £30,000. At this stage, Mr. G. W. S. Rowe was secretary, father of Mr. G. T. Rowe, the present A.J.C. secretary.

With Mr. Oatley's purchase, the fortunes of Warwick Farm improved. A further sum of £5000 was expended on a training track, and, altogether, the place became a flourishing concern. So much so that in

1911 a company was formed to take over from Mr. Oatley.

It is interesting to look through the first prospectus and see that just prior to the promotion of the company, the business was described as a well-established going concern, showing an 8 per cent. investment on a capital value of £60,000.

Before the company actually took over, it was necessary to have a Bill passed through the Legislature enabling the acquirement of about three acres of leasehold land, the compensation money and costs of the Bill to be paid by the proprietors. This provided a permanent railway service to the course gates as at present.

From the inauguration of the company, racing improved but in 1914 came the war. Warwick Farm was taken over by the military authorities, and all meetings were held at Canterbury Park.

The boom years subsequent to 1918 saw racing back on the Farm flourishing to an unexpected level, the company's returns showing a handsome profit for investors.

Then, in 1922, came the advent of the A.J.C., the last directors of the company being Messrs. Cecil V. Oatley, A. J. Whitehouse, and Percy A. Oatley.

The purchase price was £75,000. Unfortunately, the earlier history repeated itself, for no sooner was the senior club in charge when came a further depression. However, with Randwick's resources pooled with the good results from the suburban course—under the existing circumstances—the new course more than held its own.

Of later years, with the tide turned, and the original cost being steadily but surely reduced, Warwick Farm will, in time, become a free-

hold property. When it is so financially free, the prizes should be even more a second to Randwick than they are at the present time.

When the Australian Jockey Club took over Warwick Farm a comprehensive scheme of improvements was introduced. The old buildings were scrapped and the present up-to-date stands and totalisator house erected. Travelling facilities were also improved by the electric trains, replacing the old steam drawn rolling-stock.

The reconstruction period of 1925 necessitated a few meetings being held at Randwick.

Quite early the A.J.C. Committee realised the possibilities of the spring and autumn meetings leading up to the major fixtures at Randwick. Now they are recognised as very important days in the calendar with the Kirkham Stakes for two-year-olds, run in the December meetings, one of the leading juvenile events of the season.

A decided step forward toward popularising Warwick Farm was taken in 1933. The rules were amended for members, including the right of admission to the Farm. Right from that time attendances have visibly increased.

Right from the early days Warwick Farm has been considered to be an accurate training and trial course, and visitors during recent seasons have shown a disposition to favour it again. Mr. Forrester, and at his death, Mr. Oatley, occupied the old homestead adjoining the course, the latter installing the late Jock Gough as his private trainer. There was a complete equipment with 25 loose boxes, and the George's River available for swimming. Good winners trained at Warwick during those old days were names which mean something



to the moderns. Even we of the 1930's know of the names and exploits of The Grafter, Ganlus, and Highborn, who did their daily toil at Warwick.

A heavy covering of couch grass was considered an essential in the early days, making the track not one of the fastest in Sydney, but of later times the grass has been cut much shorter and accordingly fast gallops both in races and on the training track have been more customary than otherwise.

Possibly one of the most discussed features at Warwick Farm prior to the course being taken over was the false rail. This device generally was believed to be effective in giving horses running behind the leaders a chance to come through on the inside if good enough, and it is claimed by the original owners of the course that it did not provide one accident and justified its existence. Apparently it was a popular course altogether, for entries and fields were always well up to standard, despite the distance from the city and the high cost of transport of horses, a big item in those days.

It is also interesting to note that in addition to Warwick Farm in the early days, there was a course at the Cross Roads, but it did not reach any greater height than a training track. Also at Chipping Norton, just over the river, there was another private training track. It is possible to conjure up visions of secret trials in those far off days when £50,000 onslaughts on the bookmakers were plotted and planned. Friday nights were the popular occasions for these councils of war, some of which proved highly successful.

## The Clock Doesn't Lie

### In Swimming

The old-timers may have their arguments as to whether Carbine was a better horse than Phar Lap and Peter Pan, and may scoff at "times," but there's one sport in which the clock shows beyond all shadow of doubt the vast improvement as the years roll by—swimming.

You can't say that the water is faster than it used to be, that the courses are better prepared, or that some of them are downhill.

No sir! Unless you swim with the tide, and then records are not counted, you can't get undue assistance from one water as against another.

Of course, there are such things as laps actually measuring less than they are supposed to be, but when the records are involved there's not much chance of that remaining undiscovered.

Just the same, strange things do occur, and soon after the War when Norman Ross, the great American, took a shot at the mile intermediate record at Coogee, it was found afterwards that officials had their measurements all wrong.

Still, that was nothing to the big Yank, who had another shot a few days later and set up all the records again.

Then there was the case of Freddy Lane, who hung up an unheard-of 220-yards world's record of 2.28 3/5 at Weston Super Mare, England, in 1903, such a time being right out of the box. During the War the writer met an English contemporary of Freddie's, Rob. Darbyshire, and he claimed that the race was measured from the wrong end of the 100-feet

laps and that only 13 yards were swum in the seventh and last lap instead of 20. But the record went on the books—so Rob's argument was not backed up by officialdom.

The old fetish of fresh water being slower than salt has also gone by the boards, for more world's records have been hung up in the former than the latter.

Depth of water, too, has been the source of much argument, and there can be but little doubt that slower times are put up in shallow dead water than in moderately deep water with some life in it.

In Sydney, Lavender Bay and Rushcutters Bay baths are both reputed to be faster than others, while some years back, The Spit bath was the scene of some astounding times until officials settled things by an official survey, which showed that those in the know could swim a course which shortened the lap by nearly a couple of yards.

But with all these little discussions and fetishes given in, the clocks show that pace in swimming has increased so much that the wonder is where it will stop.

It's not a bit of use the old-timer telling of the wonderful pace of Bill Jones in the 'seventies or of our Greek students telling of the marvellous deeds of some Grecian hero who swam some straits or other—we just smile and think what the moderns would do to them.

Even the redoubtable English Channel swim has proved comparable  
(Continued on Page 24.)



The standard of quality for nearly 30 years

# Peters

## ICE CREAM

"THE HEALTH FOOD OF A NATION"



# Prominent Country Members

*Mr. Lisle Eckford.*

Ask any resident of the North West, N.S.W., who is the best-known and most popular public man in the district, and it's a thousand to one the answer is L. F. Eckford, of "Merrigal" Station, near Millie, in the famous Moree division of the State. And those who know Lisle Eckford intimately will not begrudge him this distinction. By his activities and accomplishments in the public interest he has earned it over and over again.

President of the Bellata Branch of the Graziers' Association of New South Wales, Namoi Shire councillor, one of the live members of the Moree C. of E. Parochial Council, first life member of Moree Rifle Club, and, in fact, an active member of every worth-while public organisation in his locality, Lisle enjoys, and deserves, the reputation of being one of those capable, energetic and cheerful souls whose life seems filled with a burning ambition to lend a helping hand in the advancement of the interests of his fellow man. He even goes so far sometimes as to allow this ambition to handicap his personal aspirations.

When the full blast of the motor-ing craze struck Australia, Lisle acquired a two-seater Hup car, the pride of his heart and the envy of his friends. He is still faithful to his first love who, in the umteen thousand miles of service which lie behind, has been a faithful servant to him. The old "bus" now looks a fit subject for the scrap heap, but money would not buy it.

★ ★ ★

*Mr. Alister McMullin.*

When it comes to tracing the family history back to early pastoral pioneers, Alister McMullin, of "Yarramoor," Scone, N.S.W., can trace his back to the very first Hunter River district settlers who acquired grazing land in the Rouchell Valley. More than that, the first

McMullin successfully coped with the multitudinous difficulties which confronted the early settler, so successfully in fact, that the original holding is still controlled by a member of the McMullin family.

Alister's public activities have been chiefly confined to the administration of Local Government affairs, and in that capacity as a shire councillor has rendered notable service. In the bye-election occasioned by the death of his cousin, the late Wm. Cameron, he ventured forth in search of political honours, was narrowly defeated, and has since resolutely declined to be drawn into the political whirlpool again. Should he again venture forth on this particular trail, it seems to be the studied opinion of his friends that there will be another tale to tell when the numbers go up.

★ ★ ★

*Mr. Hugh Livingstone.*

Son of one of Moree, N.S.W., district's most successful pioneers, the late Duncan Livingstone, Hugh D. of that ilk whose home address is "The Myalls," Moree, has with his brothers, been successfully carrying on paternal traditions in the pastoral industry of N.S.W., as a grower of high-class merino wool and the breeding of top-notch merino rams at "Burrendown" (Mungindi), "Kooroogama" and "Booloroo" (Moree). Livingstone rams are known throughout the length and breadth of this State, and farther afield as well, for drafts of these aristocrats find a home of usefulness as far north as the Hughenden district (Q.).

Apart from station management and the breeding of stud sheep, Hugh is a devoted follower of "the sport of kings," and in this regard has built up a reputation as an amateur rider second to none. This ability has brought in its train an array of racing trophies, imposing in number and beautiful in design.

Moreover, the Livingstone colours have been carried to victory by more than one noted Australian turf performer.

★ ★ ★

*Mr. C. A. Vaughan (Cootamundra).*

Mention C. A. Vaughan, and one immediately thinks in terms of Cootamundra and all sporting activities connected therewith and the Riverina generally.

"C.A.V." has for many years been a live wire down South, and has taken his place on the fields of almost every sport, but, in between times, has managed to build a large and successful practice as a solicitor.

Of recent years, the popular ex-president of the Riverina Racing Association has spent much of his time flitting hither and thither with cricket teams abroad, and is as well known in cricket circles overseas as he is on Randwick racecourse or the Sydney Cricket Ground.

At one time, Cootamundra batsmen found the fast trundling of the subject of this essay a distinct menace. Bowling round the wicket, the man of the Law used to "rock 'em down" with a speed worthy of a higher grade, but of late years he has found contentment in the role of adviser and critic in general.

Mention anything in sport around Cootamundra and the name of Vaughan becomes indissoluble therefrom.

There is a paraphrase on an old adage that runs "there is no time like the pleasant," and our member from Cootamundra appears to have proved this, judging by his trips abroad and his fraternisation so constantly with the things we all love best. A party of cricketers styled the Aust. XI. will leave for England next year. There will be at least one more in the party, even if not officially stated. No word has been received to that effect, but, his story has a habit of repeating itself, and there is no indication that any break will occur this time.





*From a design by Ferdy Hormmeyer.*

## Capstan Clock Series

*HANOVER, Germany, is famous on account of its old historical associations with England . . . but here also lies a wealth of romance—the mediæval and the modern, side by side. The architecture of many a beautiful old timbered house, reminiscent of the Middle Ages, contrasts with the busy life of the modern city.*

*Here, too, are several mediæval churches, under the altar of one of which lies the remains of George I of England, who died at Hanover in 1727. The church illustrated here, with its clocktower, is a feature of the city.*

*Scenes like this so often prompt us with the desire to spend a restful hour with some volume that will transport us to distant lands . . . and then comes the thought—almost automatic—“Time for a Capstan.”*

**TIME FOR A CAPSTAN**  
*Special* **MILD – MEDIUM or FULL**



# Sporting Curiosities

With the English Cricket Eleven in Australia at the moment, the man in the street becomes more sport-minded than usual. Few, however, can give anything like an intelligent answer when asked how the national game came into being. As a matter of fact, its history is enshrouded in deep mystery.

Deep research has elicited the fact that the sport went through many evolutions before attaining its present form. Ancient photos show clearly that it is an improved game known as Club-ball and is identical with one styled "Handyn and Handoute," which was played in the year 1700 and thereabouts.

In those days, peasants used what they termed a "Cricce" or "Creag" which was another word for a stick with a knob on the end, and the game was to "cast away a small root hurled to the batter—in other words, to "crick-it" away. But there was evidence of the game long before 1700.

In the Bodleian Library (Oxford) there is a manuscript (No. 24) dated 1344, which portrays a figure, a female, in the act of bowling a ball (the size of the modern cricket ball) to a man who elevates a straight bat to strike it. The game was titled Club-ball, but the scoring was done by runs between given points as in cricket. That, in brief, represents the birth of the game as far as is known. And, whilst on sport generally, let us delve into the archives for matters of note which have probably been erased from memory by the effluxion of time.

Don't forget that Phar Lap's Melbourne Cup (2 miles) and Futurity (seven furlongs) wins in the same season represent a turf record. Also that no horse has repeated the Nightmarch double, Epsom Handicap (1 mile) and Melbourne Cup (2 miles) in the same Spring. That little bit recalls that Myles Connell, once an idol of Sydney race tracks, had 1088 winning mounts as a jockey from 5886 starts. Against that, Frank Wootton has 882 wins from 3866 rides in England, which re-

turns a better percentage, while Billy Duncan's figures show 893 winners from 6162 attempts.

Biggest winner among Australian owners in one season is Mr. E. E. D. Clarke with £29,350 to his credit in 1927-28. That is the year Trivalve won the Derbies and Melbourne Cup for him. The world's best figures for a like period stand to the credit of Mr. H. F. Sinclair, who, in U.S.A., in 1923, collected no less than £87,769.

Turfites will remember how great credit was bestowed on Jolly Miller's four wins in the Cheltenham Steeplechase Gold Cup in England. Let us not forget that Doiran won the Great Eastern Steeplechase in S.A., four years, carrying 10.6, 11.4, 12.4 and 12.7. The distance is 3¼ miles.

Digressing for a moment, let the mind be carried back to 1810 when Hyde Park, and just in front of the site of our present Club, was the leading sports ground of the State (or Colony, as it was then), one, Dickie Dowling, carried a man weighing 14 stone for a wager and ran 50 yards against an opponent who ran backwards and forwards the same distance. Dowling won! Maybe that is taxing the memory too much for most of us, but it holds its place in the records, and can be accepted accordingly.

Lovers of the horse for utility purposes will get a kick out of this:—

An old sporting book chronicles that James E. Tonkin drove a bay gelding named Toby from Bathurst to Wellington and return, a distance of 200 miles, in 48 hours with two in the buggy, to prove that such noble servants were too cheap in Australia in his time, 1876. Toby was purchased for 5/-.

Returning once more to mere man, history records that in a soccer football match in England, and played at Mellor, a fog suddenly descended on the ground and completely blotted out vision. The game was abandoned, but one poor goalkeeper who was at the other end of the field when the decision was ar-

rived at remained at his post unaware that his confreres had departed for home. For loyalty and devotion to duty that will surely take some beating!

Probably, one might be taken to task for including the next bit in this column, but its "curiosity" angle cannot be denied:—

A railway ganger, who lived in Moree, provided the Probate authorities with something over which they could ponder—his will scrawled on the back of his wife's decree absolute for divorce!

The decree absolute was granted to the wife against a former husband in 1916. The ganger, who died on October 7, 1934, left £182 to his wife's son on condition that he looked after his mother and sisters. "This stands good for all time," the document concluded, "unless I change my mind."

Returning to purely sporting activities, the following occurred in Sydney Baseball on Goodyear Athletic Ground in a match between Nestanglo and Goodyear:—

H. Gordon, was fielding at short-stop for Nestanglo, when a batted ball came fast in his direction. Gordon put up his hands to make the catch, but the sun got in his eyes and obscured his vision. The ball hit him on the forehead and laid him unconscious. Another fieldsman dashed in, picked up the ball and flung it to first-base. On its way it struck the batsman (Waters) on the head and he, too, dropped like a log. The game was held up for some time whilst the injured recovered.

Of course, one could go on to great lengths with matters of this type. One could write of the fad "barrowmania" which struck this country a couple of years back, and especially when two miles out from Porepunkah 40 men stationed at a forestry camp formed an arch of axes under which the wheeler (Parkinson) and the sitter (Evans) on their way from Beechwood to Buffalo (Vic.)—but, what's the use.



## *There's a Reason for it!*

The demand for up-to-date well-printed-Labels and Wrappers proves that Manufacturers realise that

**A Good Article must have  
a Good Appearance**

LET US SHOW YOU WHAT WE CAN DO

## **Ross Brothers Limited**

ESTABLISHED 1862

*Colour and General Printers, Carton Manufacturers*  
545-547 Kent Street, SYDNEY Telephone M 4955 (3 lines)

**PULLMATCHES**  
THE BRITISH MADE WONDER MATCH

*Take one Home today!*

A SHARP PULL AND IT LIGHTS

GET THE PULLMATCH HABIT

THE MATCHMOC QUALITY

The advertisement is a black and white illustration. It features several cylindrical matchboxes of different sizes, some with a checkered pattern. A hand is shown pulling a match from a box, with a bright flame. The text 'PULLMATCHES' is in large, bold, sans-serif letters at the top. Below it, 'THE BRITISH MADE WONDER MATCH' is in smaller, bold, sans-serif letters. The slogan 'Take one Home today!' is written in a cursive script. Below that, 'A SHARP PULL AND IT LIGHTS' is in bold, sans-serif letters. At the bottom, 'GET THE PULLMATCH HABIT' is in bold, sans-serif letters. A small circular logo with 'THE MATCHMOC QUALITY' is also present.



# A LEISURELY LOOK-OVER THE WORLD AT LARGE

*Mr. S. E. Chatterton Tells of His Experiences in Many Lands.*

The greatest city in the world is London, the greatest country in the world is Britain; the greatest need of Britain's—including, of course, Australia's—is that units of the Empire be drawn closer together.

**F**AR from racial prejudice, without any suggestion of flag-wagging, but after having toured the world, and looked in on its greatest cities, as well as having observed the condition of the peoples of most countries, that represents the considered opinion of Mr. S. E. Chatterton, hon. treasurer of Tattersall's Club.

Taking an international view, from the angle of world benefit, he believes that an understanding between Germany and Britain desirable. "If," he added, "that be possible, in view of the different systems of Government; if a democracy, freedom-loving, such as Britain, can make common cause internationally with an autocracy, such as Germany, where personal liberty, however it may please Germans, is not kin with the British system.

Still viewing matters internationally, and still speaking from actual observation, Mr. Chatterton considers that the most militaristic nation is Italy.

"While the older generation of Italians retain, in some measure their traditional reverence for Britain and Britons, the younger brigade are openly antagonistic. The germ of their hatred is in the Abyssinian adventure, which the League of Nations—as they believe, led by Britain—frowned upon.

Matters in the Mediterranean might be interesting in the future, Mr. Chatterton said. The Spanish war may yet shake Europe, if intervention by other countries, including Italy, were persisted in, and the British trade routes threatened.

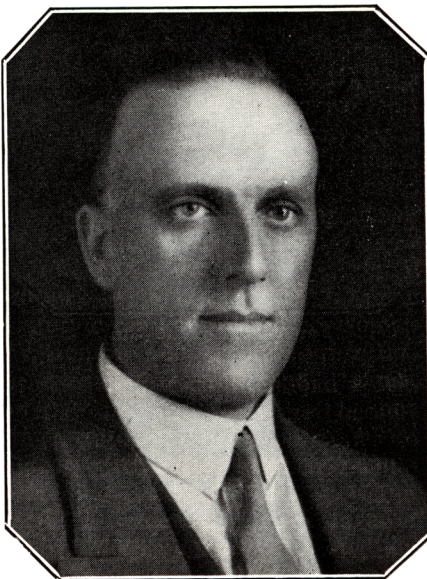
Having observed on the spot how the peoples of other countries, apart from Britain, fare in the political and economic senses, he came back impressed more than ever that Australians had a good deal to be thankful for, although the aftermath of depression still affected many.

He was shocked at the economic slavery of some peoples, the utter poverty and despair of thousands,

the sorry spectacle of women, burdened by manual labour—a condition revolting to Britons. It was not life, as we lived it, but existence, shameful at that.

The world could still learn in the higher ethics of humanity from "decadent old Britain" he said.

The youth movement in Germany and England impressed him



*Mr. S. E. Chatterton*

greatly. After children had reached the age of 5 years they became practically wards of the State, so far as was concerned their mental moulding and physical development. By devious means love of their fatherland was inculcated into their minds, and they were made physically fit to take up arms, if needs be. It wasn't put that way, but the implication was unescapable.

A war of aggression was never mentioned; it was phrased more diplomatically as defence of the fatherland against a possible war of aggression from outside. And so the teaching was to love their country, to take up arms for it, at the call; and, if necessary, to die for it.

The possible results of all this

regimentation left Mr. Chatterton thinking hard.

It was not the British system to do things in that way, and in Britain there was even a strong feeling against war; a desire to keep the peace; a wish that everybody else would do likewise. Still Britain was "trusting in God and keeping its powder dry."

Great shrewd men were at the head of its Government, and the Motherland was respected on the Continent—openly, because of its power; secretly, in the hearts of other peoples, for the spiritual lead it was giving to a distracted world.

The application of scientific road-making and tree planting to national defence impressed Mr. Chatterton during his Continental tour, particularly in Germany. Cities had been linked up by roads, all with a strategic purpose, and trees had been planted to hide the movements of troops.

If a new road had to be built from one spot to another in national interests, it wasn't referred to a Royal Commission. A Dictator said, "Go ahead." If a business man protested, pleading disturbance of business, and demanding compensation, the agents of the Dictator merely grinned. On went the work. The nation came first.

How long that would last, and where it all was leading, also had Mr. Chatterton thinking hard.

Mr. Chatterton's major impressions, on the sporting side, was his visit to the Grand Prix at Longchamps, an occasion akin to the English Derby at Ascot.

At Longchamps on that day, congregated apparently representatives of all the nations of the earth. Their talk reminded one of the story of the Tower of Babel; their dressing was amazing. The newspapers claimed that the crowd was of pre-war dimensions. Mr. Chatterton got the idea that it could not have fallen far short of half a million.

The efficiency with which this

*(Continued on Page 24.)*



# The Ascent of the Hampton Line of Thoroughbreds

By A. Knight ("Musket")

That interesting writer, Adair Dighton ("The Special Commissioner" of London "Sporting Life") has an article in a recent issue of that paper, entitled "The Sterling Stock of Son-in-Law." He went on to state: "As the Cesarewitch is due for decision to-day, a fitting subject for my article is a review of Sir Abe Bailey's stallions, Son-in-Law and his grandson, Tiberius. A winner of the Newmarket long-distance handicap so long ago as 1915, Son-in-Law, who was foaled in 1911, has the following unique distinctions: Like so few good horses, he was a first foal; he has no lines of St. Simon, Bend Or, or Isonomy in his pedigree; he is the most famous representative of the No. 5 Bruce Lowe family since the days of Gladiateur, Hermit, and Doncaster. Lastly, and of most importance to breeders, he is the sole taproot in existence for the production of stamina in the racehorse. These statements, though remarkable, are facts."

Adair Dighton was happy in his selection of the day to write his eulogy of the Hampton line, as Fet, the winner, and Near Relation, the runner-up, of the last Cesarewitch on October 14, were sons of Son-in-Law.

By Dark Ronald, the sire line of Son-in-Law runs back through Bay Ronald, half-brother to Blandford's granddam, Black Cherry, to Hampton, sire of the Derby winners Merry Hampton, Ayrshire, and Ladas. From Hampton the line goes through the St. Leger winner Lord Clifden to Newminster, "a long, low, bright sherry-bay," son of Touchstone, who stood 15 hands, and won the St. Leger of 1815. On the other side of his lineage, Son-in-Law descends from the Duke of Rutland's Massey mare, who was by Massey's Black Barb. This mare, who died early in the eighteenth century, passed on her line through many generations, until, nearly a hundred years ago, a mare called

Belle Dame, a granddaughter of Blacklock, was mated with Bay Middleton's son Cowl, and foaled Miss Sellon. As a three-year-old Miss Sellon ran six times without success, and to a mating with Tadmor, a brown son of Ion, she became the dam of Seclusion, who earned six brackets, including a £1,000 sweepstakes at Newmarket, carrying £2,215 in stakes..

Mother-in-Law, dam of Son-in-Law, was more than useful as a



SON-IN-LAW

By Dark Ronald—Mother-in-Law.

two-year-old, and won five of her nine races, but trained off, and in 1910 was mated with the Royal Hunt Cup winner, Dark Ronald, and the result of the union was Son-in-Law, whose racecourse career can be briefly summarised by stating that, as a three-year-old, he won the Mildenhall Stakes, Lonsborough Plate, Dullingham Plate, Goodwood Cup, and Jockey Club Cup. As a four-year-old, he won the Cesarewitch and another Jockey Club Cup; and at five year old he won the Warren Hill Handicap. But, good as his performances on the racecourse were, his stud record has been so consistently excellent from the start of his life in the paddock, that he has raised the line of Hampton to the second position in the list of "Winning Sires Arranged in Family Groups" for 1935. In 1925 Hampton was fourth to Bend Or, Speculum, and Galopin;

but in 1930 he moved up to second place, and has held that position as the most formidable rival to Bend Or who, however, was well in front at the end of 1935, with 463 winners of 737 races of the value of £200,159/5/-. as against Hampton's 264 winners of 423½ races and £145,811/5/-.

The remarkable part in the ascent of the Hampton line is that Ayrshire and Ladas, two of Hampton's greatest sons, have failed to carry on the strain; while Bay Ronald, the grandsire of Son-in-Law, was described by an English writer when the horse made good as a sire, as "apple-kneed and sickle-hocked." But if Bay Ronald was apple-kneed and sickle-hocked, he was a galloper well above the ordinary, for he defeated that great Australian horse Newhaven when the latter was sent to England, and Newhaven was an exceptionally brilliant horse in Australia, having carried 7.13 to victory in the Melbourne Cup of 1896 as a three-year-old, a weight which still stands as a record for a colt of that age. This goes to show what a lottery breeding is, for Ayrshire and Ladas were far better as performers and as individuals. But while both have disappeared from the pedigrees of notable winners, Bay Ronald's name is still in the forefront in England through Son-in-Law and his sons Bosworth, Foxlaw, Knight of the Garter, Son and Heir, and Winalot; while Dark Ronald, son of Bay Ronald, is keeping the family flag flying in France.

Here is Son-in-Law's record as a sire and grandsire in the Ascot Gold Cup, 2½ miles, the longest weight-for-age race in England, and, next to the Derby, the most-coveted of all flat races in the country: 1927, Foxlaw, by Son-in-Law; 1930, Bosworth, by Son-in-Law; 1931-32, Trimdon, by Son-in-Law; 1933, Foxhunter, by Foxlaw; 1935, Tiberius, by Foxhall. This is eloquent testimony to the value of the Hamp-



ton line where stamina is concerned.

#### *A Few Facts About Hampton.*

It was at Oxford, in August, 1874, that this grand little horse, by Lord Clifden from Lady Langden, whose breeder was Lord Norreys, made a successful debut in winning a £50 Plate by a short

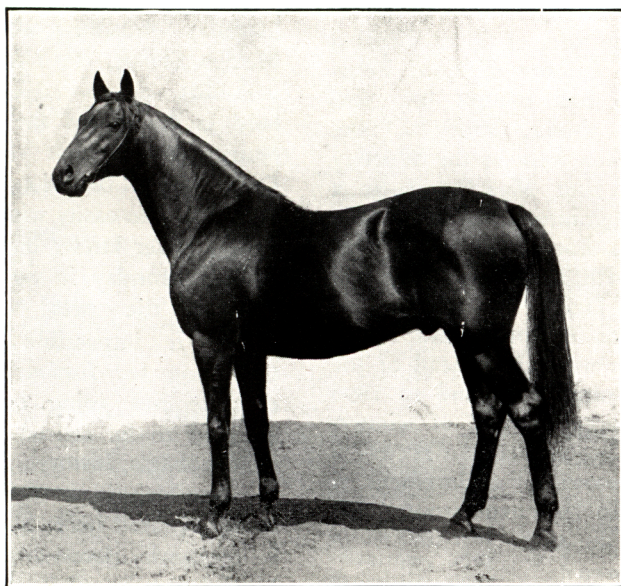
eas, and as Tom Hughes remarked that it was the full value of the colt, I gave up trying to persuade him further. The bid of 200 guineas proved to be the final one, and was made by Bobby Weedon, the jockey who rode Peep o' Day, second in the same race, on behalf of Mr. James Nightingall, the Ep-

Hughes's prophecy by not growing much bigger; but he was a most compactly built animal, had the soundest of legs, and the courage of a bulldog. What more can any trainer want?"

Hampton's next outing was in a selling race at Brighton. He won easily, and was bought in for 150 guineas. Again Mr. Scott tried to persuade Hughes to buy the colt, but to no purpose. "I thought," stated Mr. Scott, "of buying Hampton myself, but, owing to being on the move all over the country, attending every meeting where racing was held, I gave up the idea, to my everlasting regret." Hampton ran twice more that season, but did not win again.

Early the following season Hampton won, by a head, a handicap at Croydon over 10 furlongs; and then won, again by a head, the Great Metropolitan Handicap at Epsom, over 2½ miles. His starting price for the race at Epsom was 10 to 1, but Mr. Harvey had little of his own money on, for at that time neither he nor his trainer knew how good Hampton was. A second in a race at Sandown Park, and two other failures, completed the colt's three-year-old career on the flat; but in the autumn he ran second to Chandos in the Grand National Hurdle Race at Croydon, and, a few months later, he won the Great Maiden Hurdle Race at Sandown Park.

Shortly afterwards, Mr. Harvey decided to change his trainer. He

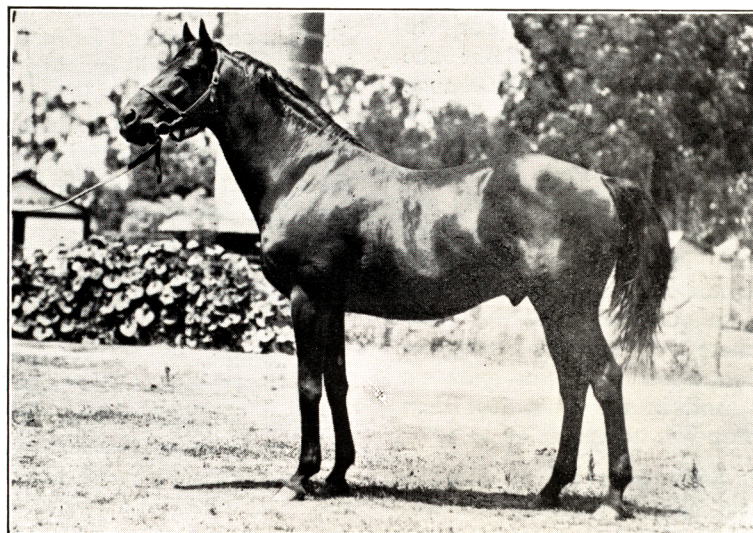


MAGPIE (*imp.*).

head. His second race was at Hampton, "Appy 'Ampton," as the Cockneys used to call it, but now known to the present generation as Hurst Park. The event was the South Western Stakes, of £5 each, with £60 added. The winner was to be sold for £200, or for £100 if it had taken a 7-lb. allowance. The Lady Langden colt, carrying the colours of a Mr. Ireland, won without difficulty, and was then offered for sale.

"When," writes Mr. Alexander Scott, author of "Turf Memories of Sixty years," "the auctioneer mounted the rostrum, I stood with my friend, Mr. Tom Hughes, a noted owner in those days . . . I strongly advised Tom Hughes to add the Lady Langden colt to his string at Epsom, but he replied that the colt was too small to be ever a good one, and added facetiously: 'You can't make 'em grow, you know.' Then I drew his attention to the exquisite moulding of the colt, for I had never seen such a truly-made one for his size. Meanwhile, the bidding had advanced to 200 guin-

som trainer, who had purchased the colt for one of his patrons, Mr. Harvey. The colt's new owner gave him the appropriate name of Hampton, after the course where he had won. Always a picture to look at, and carrying a coat which shone like silk, Hampton fulfilled Tom



WINDBAG.



had to borrow money to pay James Nightingall's training bill before being allowed to take Hampton away from the Epsom stable. However, the colt was eventually liberated and taken to London, where he was stabled for one night at Leinster Terrace, where Mr. Harvey lived, by the owner's coachman. The following day the coachman took Hampton down to Lambourne to be trained by Robert Peck. In order that the colt's whereabouts should be kept secret, the coachman told the touts hanging around the station where he was unboxed that it was "a new two-year-old." At this time, of course, Hampton was a four-year-old, but, with his neat little frame and jaunty carriage in his slow paces, would easily fit the description given him.

Months passed, and still the colt's whereabouts were kept quiet. The touts at Lambourne must have been sadly lacking in judgment, for right under their eyes one of the best stayers in the country was being prepared to land a big coup, one which proved the means of putting an end to a long spell of bad luck for Mr. Harvey. The race selected for this coup was the Goodwood Stakes, and Hampton did not appear on a racecourse under Jockey Club Rules in 1876 until this event was due to be decided.

"Three weeks before the race," continues Mr. Scott, "I met Mr. Harvey in the Norfolk Hotel, at Paddington, by appointment, to hear the latest news about the horse. As I anticipated, the change of stables had resulted in Hampton's real ability being brought to light, for Robert Peck had some good horses which could really ask the little one a question on the trial grounds. Mr. Harvey told me that if I wanted to back Hampton I had better be quick about it. At that time there was ante-post betting on the Goodwood Stakes for quite six weeks, and in the clubs just then Hampton was quoted at 40 to 1."

Mr. Scott goes on to describe how he backed Hampton to win £5,000; how, when the stable commission was "worked," the odds

came tumbling down until at last 6 to 4 was the best obtainable; and how Hampton won the race at Goodwood by three-quarters of a length. The owner won many thousands. The following year Hampton, racing as the property of Mr. Hobson, won the Northumberland Plate, and the Cups at Goodwood and Doncaster. As a six-year-old the son of Lord Clifden carried the colours of Lord Ellesmere, who had bought him for, Mr. Scott thinks, about £7,000. Hampton then went to the Worsley Hall Stud, near Manchester, at a fee of 30 guineas, but eventually he went to Lord Ellesmere's farm at Stetchworth, near Newmarket. He sired three Derby winners in Ayrshire, Merry Hampton, and Ladas. In 1887, he was at the head of the list of winning sires, and in 1896 the most successful sire of winner-producing brood mares. It was a wonderful record of achievement by a horse who had made so humble a start on the turf.

#### *The Hampton Line in Australia.*

As in England, the house of Hampton is noted here for its staying descendants, mainly through that great imported horse Magpie, now dead. As the sire of Windbag, he gave the turf one of the grandest horses at all distances that we have had in this part of the world; and Windbag was racing when horses of class abounded, amongst his opponents being Manfred, Heroic, Spearfelt, Pilliewinkie, Valicare and Limerick. Windbag began to make his name just as the phenomenal Gloaming had entered the sere and yellow of his great career. The late Dick Mason brought Gloaming to Sydney for the last time in July, 1925. Hearing the gelding was at Chisholm's stables, I went out to see how the old champion looked. With the exception of swelled fetlock joints from standing on the deck during the passage from New Zealand, the old fellow looked as well as ever he did. At that time Windbag had been carrying all before him, his last four races resulting three wins

and a second. So I said to Mason: "You have something out of the common to beat this time, don't forget." "What horse do you refer to?" he said. "Windbag," I told him. "Oh, I am not afraid of Windbag," was his reply. This conversation took place on a Thursday, and on the following Saturday, Windbag won the New Mexico Stakes, for two and three-year-olds, at the A.J.C. meeting, held in honour of the visit of the American fleet that year. What Dick Mason thought after seeing Windbag win easily with 9.12 on his back I never knew; but on the following Monday it was announced through the press that Mason found it impossible to prepare Gloaming for further racing, and that he was going back to New Zealand to be retired for good.

Windbag's history, like that of his sire, Magpie, is too well known to be repeated here; but it may not be generally known that his son Liberal has already produced a good winner in Ena, who scored at Caulfield and Flemington during the Spring racing campaign down south. Chatham and Winooka, two other sons of Windbag, are the sires of foals who will be racing in 1938, and as both horses were champions at a mile, there is every reason to anticipate that they will keep the Hampton flag flying.

For the first quarter of the present season, Magpie has posthumous honours by being the leading winning stallion, while his son Windbag is second on the list. Constant Son, who is by Son-in-Law, holds 12th position, and Dark Fox, another son, is 14th. The line, therefore, is doing as well here as in England, especially where stayers are concerned as Northwind, a son of Windbag, won the last Caulfield Cup, and Dark Chief, by Dark Fox, was successful in the Moonee Valley Cup. Talking, son of Magpie, won both the A.J.C. and Victoria Derbies, while Wotan, grandson of Son-in-Law, made record time by winning the Melbourne Cup.



# RACING FIXTURES FOR 1937

## JANUARY.

Tattersall's	Friday, 1st
A.J.C. (Warwick Farm)	Saturday, 2nd
Ascot	Wednesday, 6th
Moorefield	Saturday, 9th
Rosebery	Wednesday, 13th
Canterbury Park	Saturday, 16th
Victoria Park	Wednesday, 20th
Rosehill	Saturday, 23rd
Kensington	Wednesday, 27th
Australian Jockey Club	Saturday, 30th

## FEBRUARY.

Australian Jockey Club	Monday, 1st
Ascot	Wednesday, 3rd
Moorefield	Saturday, 6th
Rosebery	Wednesday, 10th
Canterbury	Saturday, 13th
Victoria Park	Wednesday, 17th
A.J.C. (Warwick Farm)	Saturday, 20th
Kensington	Wednesday, 24th
City Tattersall's	Saturday, 27th

## MARCH.

Ascot	Wednesday, 3rd
Rosehill	Saturday, 6th
Hawkesbury	Wednesday, 10th
Rosehill	Saturday, 13th
Rosebery	Wednesday, 17th
A.J.C. (Warwick Farm)	Saturday, 20th
Victoria Park	Wednesday, 24th
Australian Jockey Club	Saturday, 27th
Australian Jockey Club	Monday, 29th
Australian Jockey Club	Wednesday, 31st

## APRIL.

Australian Jockey Club	Saturday, 3rd
Kensington	Wednesday, 7th
A.J.C. (Warwick Farm)	Saturday, 10th
Ascot	Wednesday, 14th
Kensington	Saturday, 17th
Rosebery	Wednesday, 21st
Moorefield	Saturday, 24th
Victoria Park	Wednesday, 28th

## MAY.

Canterbury Park	Saturday, 1st
Kensington	Wednesday, 5th
Tattersall's	Saturday, 8th
Ascot	Wednesday, 12th
Rosehill	Saturday, 15th
Rosebery	Wednesday, 19th
Moorefield	Saturday, 22nd
Victoria Park	Wednesday, 26th
Rosehill	Saturday, 29th

## JUNE.

Kensington	Wednesday, 2nd
Victoria Park	Saturday, 5th
Ascot	Wednesday, 9th
Canterbury	Saturday, 12th
Rosebery	Wednesday, 16th
Rosehill	Saturday, 19th
Victoria Park	Wednesday, 23rd
Australian Jockey Club	Saturday, 26th
Australian Jockey Club	Monday, 28th
Kensington	Wednesday, 30th

## JULY.

Rosebery	Saturday, 3rd
Ascot	Wednesday, 7th
Moorefield	Saturday, 10th
Rosebery	Wednesday, 14th
Canterbury	Saturday, 17th
Rosehill	Wednesday, 21st
Rosebery	Saturday, 24th
Victoria Park	Wednesday, 28th
Moorefield	Saturday, 31st

## AUGUST.

Victoria Park	Monday, 2nd
Kensington	Wednesday, 4th
Rosehill	Saturday, 7th
Ascot	Wednesday, 11th
Moorefield	Saturday, 14th
Rosebery	Wednesday, 18th
Ascot	Saturday, 21st
Victoria Park	Wednesday, 25th
A.J.C. (Warwick Farm)	Saturday, 28th

## SEPTEMBER.

Kensington	Wednesday, 1st
Canterbury	Saturday, 4th
Ascot	Wednesday, 8th
Tattersall's	Saturday, 11th
Rosebery	Wednesday, 15th
Rosehill	Saturday, 18th
Victoria Park	Wednesday, 22nd
Hawkesbury	Saturday, 25th
Kensington	Wednesday, 29th

## OCTOBER.

Australian Jockey Club	Saturday, 2nd
Australian Jockey Club	Monday, 4th
Australian Jockey Club	Wednesday, 6th
Australian Jockey Club	Saturday, 9th
Ascot	Wednesday, 13th
City Tattersall's	Saturday, 16th
Rosebery	Wednesday, 20th
A.J.C. (Warwick Farm)	Saturday, 23rd
Victoria Park	Wednesday, 27th
Canterbury	Saturday, 30th

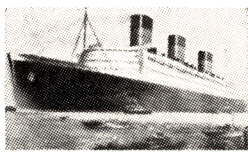
## NOVEMBER.

Kensington	Wednesday, 3rd
Moorefield	Saturday, 6th
Ascot	Wednesday, 10th
Rosehill	Saturday, 13th
Rosebery	Wednesday, 17th
A.J.C. (Warwick Farm)	Saturday, 20th
Victoria Park	Wednesday, 24th
Canterbury	Saturday, 27th

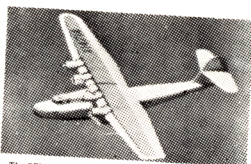
## DECEMBER.

Kensington	Wednesday, 1st
A.J.C. (Warwick Farm)	Saturday, 4th
Ascot	Wednesday, 8th
Rosehill	Saturday, 11th
Rosebery	Wednesday, 15th
Australian Jockey Club	Saturday, 18th
Victoria Park	Wednesday, 22nd
A.J.C.	Monday, 27th
Kensington	Wednesday, 29th
Tattersall's	Thursday, 30th





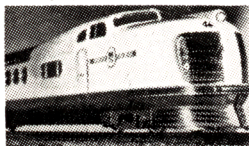
"Queen Mary" — Canada's latest ship — the first world in speed and luxury at sea.



The "Flying Clipper" — one of Pan American Airways' fastest flying boats now in regular trans-Pacific service.



The "Waldorf-Astoria" New York — one of the world's most famous hotels.



"City of Denver" — Union Pacific's new Diesel-electric streamlined that cuts a day off the Chicago-Denver run.

## AS USED

AFLOAT . . . .  
on the "Queen Mary"  
ALOFT . . . .  
in the "Flying Clipper Ships"  
ASHORE . . . .  
at the "Waldorf-Astoria"  
ABOARD . . . .  
the Union Pacific "Streamliner"

## LIDDELL IRISH LINENS

Sheets, Pillowcases, Bed-  
spreads, Table Damask

(Crested or Plain), Guest Towels, Glass Cloths, etc.

**GIBSONS & PATERSON LTD.**

FORSAYTH HOUSE, 206 CASTLEREAGH ST., SYDNEY

Telephone: MA 7425

Remember . . . .

## "FRESH FOOD"

PRODUCTS, viz.:

**Milk - Cream - Butter  
Ice - Bread and Rolls**

ARE THE BEST OBTAINABLE.

They are used exclusively at Tatter-  
sall's Club Dining Rooms and all  
other leading Cafes and Clubs.

DAILY DELIVERIES EVERYWHERE.

'Phone M 2981 and Cart will call.

**The N.S.W. Fresh Food & Ice  
Co. Ltd.**

HARBOUR STREET, SYDNEY.

## Why Go Elsewhere?

YOU can purchase a USED CAR with confidence,  
dispose of your used car at the highest cash price,  
or trade in on any make of NEW CAR at the most  
liberal allowance, by interviewing

**HUNTER & PHILLIPS**

MOTOR TRADERS

Tattersall's Club Building

136 Castlereagh Street, Sydney

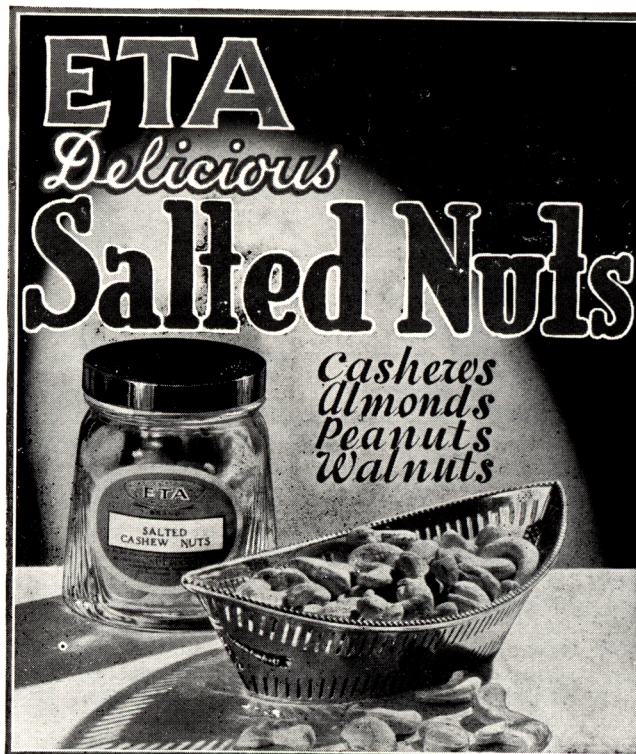
'Phone: B 4266.

## PERCY MARKS

*Specialises in Exclusive Jewels  
and Rare Quality Diamonds  
in exquisite settings.*

5 Hunter Street,  
SYDNEY.

Large and Important  
Single Stone Diamonds.



Take a jar home with you



## “Cricket Parlance”

From the Badminton Magazine of Sports and Pastimes

It is curious to note man's disinclination to call a person or thing by its baptismal name. Call a boy William, and he is promptly known as "Bill;" a girl Matilda (poor thing!) and she is for ever afterwards "Maud"—and a very nice name, too! Again, we are instructed by advertisement, as well as by proverb, to call a spade a spade; yet the euphuist will describe it as "an agricultural implement," etc., etc., while the Whitechapel noblemen call it a—shovel. Whether this habit is due to contrariness or to a real or false sense of humour, the philosopher must decide, but I cannot help remarking, at the risk of being thought "shoppy," that it is not a little interesting that most of the common words in the French language are derived from the slang words, and not the upper-ten words of Rome; or, to put the matter otherwise, the beautiful language of Cicero, for the non-comprehension of which many of us have been unjustly chastised, has died a well-merited death, while the slang of the Suburra, for the use of which Dominie Orbilius doubtless applied his ferula or scutica, survives eternal in the "language of diplomacy."

But if Roman slang survives in French words which even that august body L'Academie Francaise recognises with all hospitality, what are we to say of the slang which has accumulated round our various sports, and not only adheres to them but grows bulkier day by day?

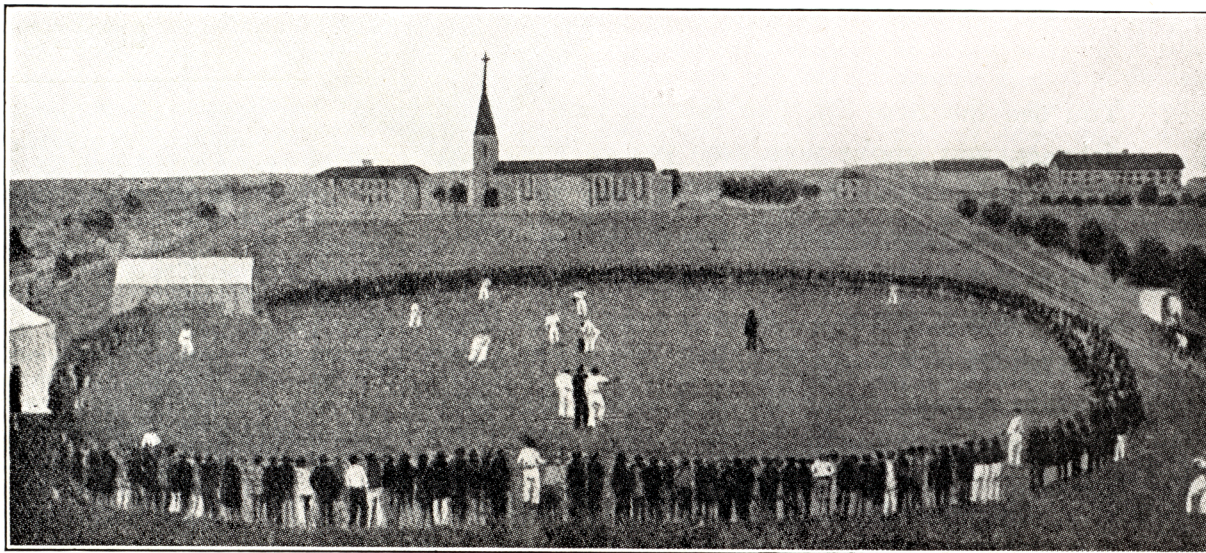
Golf, as all the world knows, has a language of its own which is hard of acquirement; golfers again have a language of their own, which is acquired with facility and understanding of the people; indeed, I once saw a caddie distinctly laugh when I failed to carry a twenty-yard bunker with my drive, and made some comments on that bunker. Billiards with its "cannons," "hazards," "kisses," "jennies," "stabs," "prods," and the like, has literally dowered our language; which leads me to the inquiry, do we owe the phrase "So-and-so was on the spot" to cricket or to billiards? The term is applicable to either game. Truth to tell, the slang of all sport, whether it be circumambient slang or comparative slang, is amusing and expressive, and helps out what might otherwise be bald and uninteresting narrative.

The investigation of early cricket

history would be doubly interesting if we could find the principles on which distances, sizes, and weights were originally calculated. Twenty-two yards is a "chain," so that is easily disposed of; but why is a bat just four and a quarter inches broad? This breadth has no apparent relation to the eight-inch breadth of the wicket, nor to its twenty-seven inches of height. The distances between the creases and their respective lengths seem to be quite arbitrary, yet they are very good; and very good, too, are the size and weight of the ball, and the dimensions of the bat. Perhaps our forefathers arrived at them all by a simple process of experiment and exhaustion. Passing on, however, to cricket slang, pure and simple, I am not going to classify it under the head of "circumambient" ("agricultural implement") or "comparative" ("shovel," vide ante), but to lump terms and phrases together in a general jumble.

Let us take the ball first; its birth name will soon be forgotten for its pet-names of "pill," "sphere," or "globule," yet "ball" is a very good name for it. Now let us regard the ball as bowled with respect to its

(Continued on Page 19.)



CLUB CRICKET IN HYDE PARK, SYDNEY.

The earliest cricket matches in Sydney were played on what was known as the Racecourse, now known as Hyde Park. Reports in the papers show that the game was well established in Sydney by 1820, as there are several references to cricket matches, chiefly between the Australian-born players, or the "currency lads," and English-born residents, either civilian or members of the military forces. The above picture represents a match in progress about 1830, and it is interesting to note that the umpires appear to be in ordinary civilian clothes. The building with the spire is St. James' Church. It will be noted that Macquarie Street was continued at that time through the park. When Inter-Colonial cricket began, Hyde Park was considered inadequate, and the matches were played on Sydney Domain.



Wait till  
you've  
tasted  
THESE!



**MADE IN  
LONDON**

You see the new tip, you taste a new richness, you smoke with new joy .. and you wonder .. No, it isn't the tip that makes the flavour. That is the full, round, natural taste born in the sun-browned leaf. But the tip refines and reveals it anew .. frees it even from the by-products of its own burning. It gives an old pleasure a new perfection .. smooth as slow music, cool as a breeze.

**How the Filter Tip  
Improves the Flavour**

*The exclusive du Maurier filter tip completely protects the most sensitive throat. It frees the smoke from everything that could taint or conceal the natural richness of the essential Virginia flavour. Flavour and fragrance are enhanced because they come to you pure and unalloyed. The exclusive du Maurier filter tip is the most important advance in cigarette manufacture for 40 years.*

**du MAURIER 20 for 1/6**

**CIGARETTES WITH THE FILTER TIP**

AGENTS FOR NEW SOUTH WALES AND QUEENSLAND: ST. JAMES TOBACCO DISTRIBUTORS LTD., 185 CLARENCE ST., SYDNEY.

ISSUED BY THE MANUFACTURERS OF DU MAURIER CIGARETTES, 217 PICCADILLY, LONDON, W.1.

G.C.2



## CRICKET PARLANCE

(Continued from Page 17.)

pace; if the bowler be a fast bowler, he administers "expresses" or "lightning deliveries," and as the pace diminishes we get fast-medium, medium, slow-medium, slows, and eventually the humble "donkey-drop" (origin unknown, or wisely "plunged in obvious silence"), till the graduations are as subtle as the size of ladies' gloves. Everyone knows that the bowler is a free agent as far as the height of his delivery is concerned, yet all sorts of contemptuous epithets are showered on an under-hand delivery; if the man bowls fast he sends up "undergrounds" or "metropolitans," "sneaks" or "grubs," or "many bounders," terms of obloquy invented either by reporters in quest of variety, or by batsmen who found that this class of bowling interfered with their averages. The slow under-hand bowler is not so badly treated, even though "lob" is not dignified, and "cock-thumbs"—alluding presumably to the position of the fifth finger at the moment of delivery—is not complimentary. In "Tom Brown's School-days" we read that the captain bowled slow "cobs" to old Mr. Aislabie, and this is, I take it, the locus classicus for the word "cob," now happily defunct.

Passing to the "length" of the ball as delivered, whether over the shoulder, level with the shoulder, or under the shoulder, we find some quite interesting technicalities. The "full-pitch" and "home-toss" (archaic, but revived) is not so deadly as to encourage the bowler to indulge freely in it, but the "yorker" is quite another thing. The G.O.M. of cricket (*Gratia Optima Maxima*) holds that no respectable batsman should be defeated by it; yet few matches are played in which someone does not succumb to its wiles. The origin of the term "yorker?" "Punch" is sound on the point, for as the curate said to his inquisitive rector: "What else could you call it, Sir?" Yet "yorker" is a comparatively modern innovation for "tice," and my father, I remember, was quite mystified when we boys brought the phrase home from school; such a ball had always been to him and his generation a "tice" (en-"ticer"?), and nothing but a "tice," yet I warrant that a good

many young players of the modern day have never heard the term. This is a peg on which to hang a mild story. My father was bowling—he was a very respectable amateur bowler—to Bob Grimston, whose defence was of the especially careful type. "How on earth am I to get this man out?" said my father, most wrongfully, to the umpire; "he never moves his bat." "Give him a tice, Sir," was the answer, equally illegal, "and he'll move it at once." Up went the tice, up went the bat, and back went Bob Grimston. The only variation of name for this ball that ever came under my notice was bestowed on it by a victim to a real hot 'un who turned to the wicket-keeper saying, half to himself, "Well, that was a 'chalker.'"

Variants on "half-volley" are not numerous, though I believe that "drop-kick"—odious and alien term—still survives at Rugby and "barter" at Winchester, but as the latter phrase records the name of a great and powerful smiter, warden of the college, it may well be regarded as a survival of the hittist, just as "Thorntons" were once a synonym for "sneaks." The long-hop, I believe, has no pet name: perhaps it is too precious to the batsman to be insulted.

Premising that the stumps do not lend themselves to any unnatural burst of facetiousness, I should much like to ask again when sizes and distances were first regulated, and by whom? Bat and ball and wicket seem exactly suited to the game, even if the width and height of the wicket are open to argument; but whence comes the delicate adjustment of the ball to a quarter of an ounce? of the bat to a quarter of an inch! a trifle more than half the width of the wicket? Why, too, was the length of the bat limited to thirty-eight inches, when thirty-six inches are found to satisfy the batsman's requirements more satisfactorily? The lengths of the various creases are equally arbitrary, yet they serve their purpose as no other measurements would. Who, too, invented the names of the fieldsmen's different positions? Some are obvious enough when certain data are admitted, but why "point"? Why "on," "off," "slip," "third man"? These are matters for the archaeologist of cricket, who might add an appendix on the

origin of "half-volley," "break," "bye," and "crease," supplemented by a dissertation on "drawing stumps," which has a distinctively dental ring, and possibly, origin.

Nothing very humorous has ever been evolved by way of a pet name for a bat. The joke about Jehu must have been good when first perpetrated, but it is now too hoary to command respect, while such terms as "stick," "club," "cudgel," are not only obvious but insipid. If, however, the implement is short of war-names, the individual wielder cannot complain, as the necessity of variety in the matter of report must have driven the unhappy newspaper-man to his wit's end; for after all one cricket match is very like another, and one stroke almost identical with its first cousins, even if the one be termed a "cut" (why "cut"?), and the others "chop," "slice," or "steer." Poor Dr. Grace has been such a dreadful source of annoyance to the writer of cricket lore. Such terms as "mammoth," "leviathan," "champion," "G.O.M.," soon get played out; "burly doctor," "Gloucestershire crack" (why "crack"?), "bowler's terror," being inconveniently long, have shared a like fate; indeed, the reports of matches must in the end become mere repetition of phrases unless the nomenclature be reorganised and the game played in a new way! Still much license must be granted in the sacred cause of variety, though an intimate and peculiar knowledge of names of places is desirable if we have to comprehend such a descriptive account as, "Here the Pudsey giant was confronted by the Driffeld crack, and cemented the alliance by snicking one of the 'Demon's' fastest to the boundary, just out of the 'Guvnor's' reach." A little knowledge is proverbially dangerous, as is well illustrated by the remark of a head-master, more learned in the lore of Greek particles than in the laws of cricket. Appearing on the school-ground when a match was going on, he approached deep-field and asked him in accents of interested inquiry, "Who's that standing at long block?" Deep-field's answer is not recorded, but even the divinity that hedges a head-master did not prevent the irreverent youth from spreading the story aboard.



## MINISTERIAL BUENOS CIGARS

- A remarkably fragrant Cigar at a moderate price.
- These Cigars are manufactured from genuine Havana leaf, carefully blended with selected Sumatra leaf.
- An exclusive Cigar well worth the attention of Members.

## NU-MESTIC LAUNDRIES LIMITED

SYDNEY'S EXCLUSIVE  
LAUNDRY.

FL 2666

IMMEDIATE SERVICE.  
BAYSWATER ROAD, RUSHCUTTER'S BAY.  
(Opp. Tram Depot.)

POLISH YOUR CAR WITH

# BRILPOL

POLISHES AND PRESERVES

4oz. Tins, 9d. 1lb. Tins, 2/-

**JAMES WILSON & CO.**

1 ALBERT STREET, REDFERN

'Phones: FM 1425 and FM 1475.



# W. GLAZEBROOK

POULTERERS

50 Cross Street, Double Bay

English Game always on Hand.  
Hotels and Restaurants Supplied.

**J. T. HACKETT**

**ALEX. WILLIAMS**

Members of Tattersall's Club, Sydney; Victorian Club, Melbourne; and Tattersall's Club, Perth, W.A. Our reputation stands alone for Largest Amounts, Liberal Prices, and Prompt Settlements.

Clients are particularly requested on Race Days to make all telegrams "Urgent."

Operating on all Government Licensed Racecourses.

Address Communications:

**J. Hackett, Sydney.** Cable Address: "HACKWILL," Sydney.

**Art Dyers, Dry Cleaners  
and Carpet Cleaners**

# Poullars

116 KING STREET, SYDNEY

'PHONES: F 1148 AND F 1149.

# Charles Kinsela

*Funeral Directors*

Established 1830

SERVICE WITH  
ECONOMY.

DAY AND NIGHT  
SERVICE.

OXFORD STREET  
TAYLOR SQUARE  
DARLINGHURST.

'Phones FL 4136-7-8

# Hughes' Motor Service Limited

40-42 COLLEGE STREET, SYDNEY.

170 PHILLIP STREET, SYDNEY.

At your instant command a fleet of the most luxurious Cadillac Imperial Sedan cars in Australia.

The service is available for 24 hours daily. The drivers are in uniform, courteous and efficient and have a thorough knowledge of the city and suburbs, and the tourist centres.

Economical and reliable. Ask for our Price List.

TRIPS TO ANYWHERE AT ANY TIME.

'Phones: B 6214, B 6215, B 6216.



# Pool Splashes

## Lake and Stanford Divide First Point Score

With a roll-up of 30 starters in the races, the Swimming Club has every reason for thinking that the 1936-37 season will be a record.

Since the last issue of the Magazine the club admitted to its membership yet another star performer of some years back in the person of Sid McCure, who swam his first race with the club on November 12th over 40 yards and won his heat in 20 3/5 secs.

The final saw him swim third, with a great deal of merit in his performance from the fact that he beat that good sprinter Vic. Richards from the same mark.

Sid's entry into the ranks of our swimmers further strengthens the club, which already boasts such good men as Bruce Hodgson, Hans Robertson, Lyn. Johnston, "Pete" Hunter and Vic. Richards.

Those who have been interested in swimming for some years will remember Sid McCure as a sprinter who could always be depended upon to do round about 24 seconds for 50 yards.

We have also to welcome Norman Barrell as a starter, and the return to racing of Alf. Rainbow, Len Rein, Les. Herron and Hans Robertson.

Hans showed his form was good by swimming a 40 yards heat in the smart time of 19 3/5 sec.

First point score of the season was divided between Ivor Stanford

and Dave Lake, though one cannot but feel that T. H. English was a bit unlucky not to divide with those two as he was unable to start in the final of a Brace Relay owing to his partner being unable to compete.

According to the papers, ex-Australian champion Bill Longworth is to tackle the 200 yards A.I.F. championship at Coogee on December 12th, when the Diggers make their first effort at running a swimming gala on the same lines as the golf and tennis days.

### Xmas Scramble.

This popular annual event will take place either on Christmas Eve or the day before, so members will be well advised to keep their eyes on the notice board for it's a show that should not be missed.

The maximum distance of races will be 40 yards, and every man will have an opportunity of racing several time for prizes, which will take the form of Christmas cheer.

Don't miss it!

### Results.

October 30th—40 Yards Handicap: D. Lake (26), 1; N. P. Murphy (27), 2; D. Tarrant (25), 3. Time: 24 2/5 secs.

November 3rd—40 Yards Handicap: T. H. English (26), 1; J. Miller (29), 2; G. Goldie (35) and W. S. Edwards (22), tie, 3. Time: 25 1/5 secs.

November 5th—80 Yards Brace Relay Handicap: A. Richards and A. Pick (50), 1; G. Goldie and B. Hodgson (55), 2; D. Lake and I. Stanford (55), 3. Time: 48 3/5 secs.

November 12th—40 Yards Handicap: I. Stanford (31), 1; J. Dexter (24), 2; S. McCure (21), 3. Time: 30 secs.

November 19th—60 Yards Handicap: A. Pick (46) and D. Lake (40), tie, 1; C. Godhard (39), 3. Time: 44 3/5 and 38 3/5 secs.

November 26th: 120 Yards Brace Relay Handicap: 1st Heat—A. Pick and D. Lake (83), 1; N. Murphy and D. Tarrant (80), 2; J. Dexter and W. S. Edwards (71), 3. Time: 83 4/5 secs. 2nd Heat—B. Hodgson and G. Goldie (89), 1; C. Godhard and A. S. Block (79), 2; N. Barrell and A. Richards (74), 3. Time: 86 secs. Result of the final of this event will be published in the next issue.

October-November Point Score: I. Stanford and D. Lake, 8 points, tie, 1; A. Pick and T. H. English, 7, 3; G. Goldie 6½, B. Hodgson, J. Miller, N. P. Murphy, J. Dexter and A. Richards, 6; W. S. Edwards, 4½.

### Dewar Cup.

Leaders in this series are: D. Lake 11½, A. Pick 10½, I. Stanford and T. H. English 8, G. Goldie 7½, B. Hodgson, N. P. Murphy, A. Richards and J. Dexter, 7, J. Miller 6, W. S. Edwards 5½.



*Take it with meals . . .*

**FOSTER'S  
EXPORT  
LAGER**  
(BLUE LABEL)



# Joe Davis Sends Interesting Letter

## Latest Interpretation of Snooker Rules

Our old friend, Joe Davis, World's champion snooker player, writes interestingly from London, and sends best wishes and regards to "all those wonderful chaps I met during my stay at the club."

Joe has been writing with a vengeance, and has just completed his third book on billiards and snooker. This time he has rendered a great service by giving an interpretation of various rules, which have for long been contentious.

### *Balls Touching.*

Joe explains at great length the "head-cratching" ruling regarding balls touching. He points out that, in billiards, when the cue-ball is touching another the balls are spotted, but, in snooker, if the cue-ball is touching a red and is ON a red, he must play away from the ball he is touching, and is considered to have hit it. But, if he is on a colour ball, he must hit the ON ball or pay the penalty.

"If," writes Joe, "the player is on, say, the blue and the cue-ball is touching the blue, he can play away without penalty, and it does not matter whether he hits any other ball or not. But, if the cue-ball is touching any other ball, the player must play at the blue and pay the penalty if he misses."

This, of course, is contradictory, but it is claimed the rule works very satisfactorily.

### *What is a Snooker?*

Every player is confident he knows what a snooker really is; "If he cannot hit the ON ball finely on either side." But, that is not what the rules say.

You are only snookered if you are prevented from getting a clear shot at the ON ball by a ball that is not on. Assume for instance, that your opponent has committed a foul, and that you are ON a red. There are three or four reds together, and you can hit them, but you cannot hit any red of either side. You cannot claim a free ball for the simple reason that the red is the ON ball, and it is, therefore, a ball ON which is preventing you from getting a clear ball. And, that is why you cannot claim a free

ball when you have the unbroken pyramid to play at after a foul.

### *Snooker After Foul.*

The old "dribble" shot which used to be in vogue after a player was given a free ball and he used to nominate one immediately in front and crawl up behind it, has gone for good.

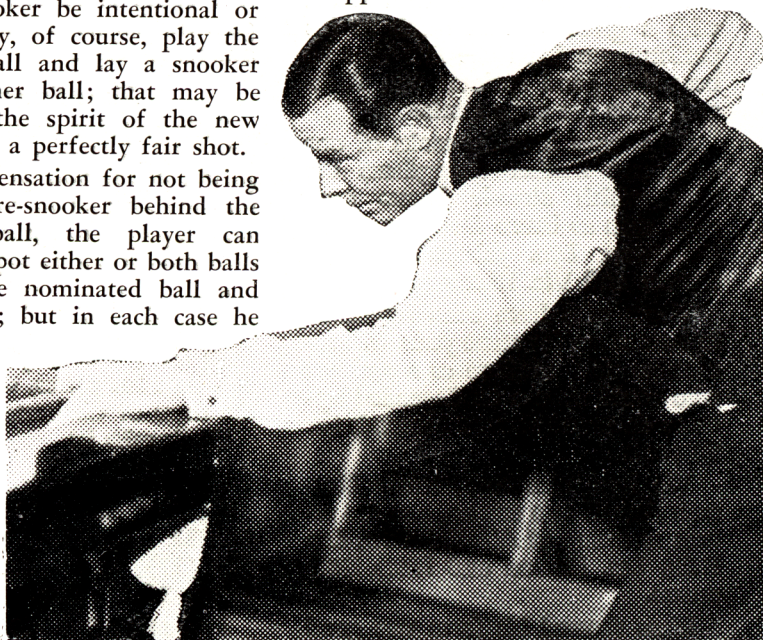
To-day, the player who is snookered after a foul must not snooker his opponent with the ball he nominates, and it does not matter whether the snooker be intentional or not. He may, of course, play the nominated ball and lay a snooker behind another ball; that may be contrary to the spirit of the new rule, but it is a perfectly fair shot.

As a compensation for not being allowed to re-snooker behind the nominated ball, the player can quite legally pot either or both balls—that is, the nominated ball and the ON ball; but in each case he

quire all their powers of concentration on the job in hand without having to worry about nominating a ball which is obviously the only one which they would attempt to hit.

### *A Knotty Problem.*

A knotty problem occurs at odd times when a player is angled after a foul. This is frequently referred to the Billiards and Control Council of England, and, consequently, one imagines it is not so rare as supposed.



Joe  
Davis

scores only the value of the ball ON, and the ball ON is not re-spotted. That is all there is to it with the new free-ball rule, except, of course, that you must hit the nominated ball, otherwise it is a foul stroke. For instance, the ball you are on is, say, the red; the nominated ball is the yellow. You miss the nominated ball and hit the red. Penalty, four away, because you did not hit the ball nominated. In this case you are allowed to hit both simultaneously without penalty.

Another point to be remembered is that a player is only required to nominate a colour (after potting a red), when requested by the referee so to do. This has been made plain, because the best players re-

Your opponent has failed to hit the ON ball, or has potted a ball that is not ON, and the cue-ball has come to rest in the jaws of a pocket in such a position that you cannot get a clear shot at the ball that is ON. In this case you have the option of a free ball or can play from hand. A very important point is that, even if you lift the ball and play from hand you can still claim a free ball.

### *Holds Record.*

Since Joe Davis stayed at the club, he has broken his own world's record, and lifted the figures to 114, a tally which was recently equalled by Horace Lindrum. Incidentally, each player cleared the board when making the total stated.

(Continued on Page 24.)



## City Mutual Fire Insurance

Company Limited

HEAD OFFICE:

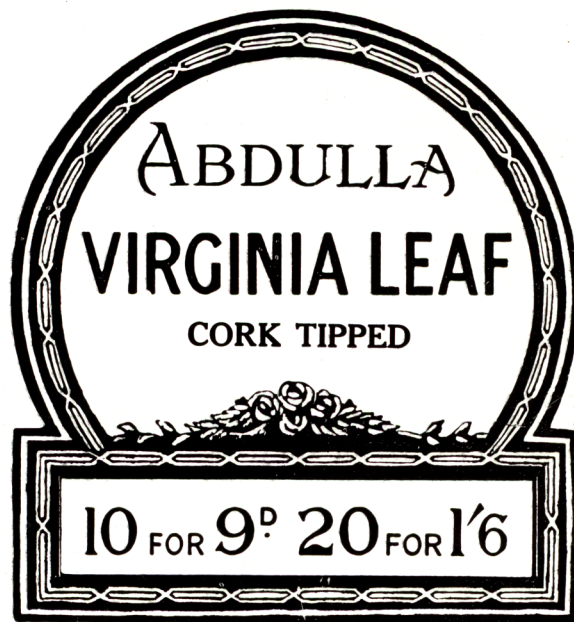
95 PITT STREET, SYDNEY.

Fire, Accident and Sickness, Workers' Compensation, Houseowners' and Householders' Comprehensive Insurance, Public Risk, Burglary, Fidelity Guarantee, Plate Glass, Motor Car, Loss of Profits.



ACTIVE AGENTS REQUIRED  
IN CITY AND SUBURBS.

H. V. REYNOLDS, Managing Director.



DALGETY & COMPANY LTD.,  
SOLE AGENTS FOR N.S.W.

## "REGALIA"

BRAND

FRUITS AND JAMS  
TOMATO JUICE  
VINEGAR  
SEEDED RAISINS

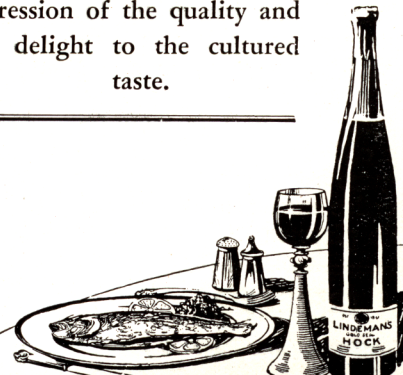
## "RADELLA"

BAKING POWDER  
MIXED FRUITS  
JELLIES  
CUSTARD POWDER  
MIXED PEEL

*'They Please Everybody—Ask Anybody'*

Distributors:  
MERCHANTS LTD., SYDNEY

The Exquisite 'BOUQUET'  
and flavour of Lindeman's  
Wines is the natural ex-  
pression of the quality and  
a delight to the cultured  
taste.



**Lindeman's**  
Wines



## THE CLOCK DOESN'T LIE

(Continued from Page 6.)

tively easy to men and women with modern strokes, who have cut big chunks off the times. Captain Webb took 21 hours 45 mins. in 1875, and Georges Michel 11 hours 5 mins. in 1926.

Who will ever forget the wonder when Dick Cavill and Fred Lane broke the minute for the 100 yards? That was something that had been always aimed at, something supposedly beyond the reach of anything but the fishes.

Yet to-day even a youngster who cannot do it is not reckoned as real class, and the world champions are knocking 57 seconds for 110 yards.

A glance at the Olympic record book reveals some interesting sidelights on the improvement in swimming.

Just take the times of the 1912 Games, the last held before the War, and we find Duke Kahanamoku winning the 100 metres in 63-2/5 secs., George Hodgson the 400 metres in 5.24/2/5 and the 1500 metres in 22 minutes.

With the exception of 100 metres those are not even good junior times to-day in Australia.

Harry Hebner's 100 metres back-stroke time of 1-21 1/5 wouldn't be fourth rate to-day, and as for Australasia's 800 metres team's race time of 10-11 1/5, well, the Japanese knock a minute and a half off that.

Fanny Durack won the 100 metres in 1912 in 1-22 1/5, though she put up a world's record of 1-19 4/5 in the heats. Astounding, then! But to-day scores of youngsters in Australia would be ashamed to admit such slow time.

Time moves on, and the only refuge the old-timer has in the natorial game is the argument about the respective merits of divers and water-polo players.

## JOE DAVIS

(Continued from Page 22.)

In conclusion, Joe remarks on the weather, and says, *inter alia* . . . "while you chaps will be stewing in the heat over Xmas. I will be well rugged up and nestling close to the biggest log fire I can find. Sincere regards to all and a plentiful supply of seasonal greetings."

## A LEISURELY LOOK-OVER

(Continued from Page 11.)

concourse was handled showed that the day of miracles had not passed. Randwick conditions were primitive by comparison.

Beautiful, wide boulevards lead to the course, and to those facilities a splendid system of ordered direction is added. For example, when Mr. Chatterton arrived in his car he was given a card bearing a number. After the races, that number was telephoned down, probably over three miles of parked cars. No shouting, no confusion, no delay; soon he was speeding on the return journey.

The French jockeys ride with a long rein, and many of the horses have blinkers—for what reason was not apparent.

Having viewed the dressing of the men and the women, he came back converted to the idea that Australian men should make more of a sartorial show on big Randwick and Flemington occasions. The dressing refined the atmosphere of the course, and added to the spirit and the spectacle.

In one particular, Randwick scored over Longchamps—in its race books. On the French course you were handed a folded sheet, providing the most meagre details.

At Longchamps the whole of the course could be viewed by racegoers. In England he found that this was not always the case.

The English and French horses carried the thoroughbred stamp. They looked and, indeed, were, real aristocrats. Compared with them, many Australian horses would appear as station hacks; some on appearance, would be no better than cart horses.

That, by the way, was not said in disparagement of their performances, and the "good things" in England and France were just as apt to finish among the "also rans" as in Australia.

Mr. Chatterton was privileged to be a spectator at a meeting of the League of Nations, presided over by Australia's Stanley Melbourne Bruce.

"He's the same spruce Bruce, spats and all," said Mr. Chatterton.

Mr. Chatterton saw all of the best that was to be seen in all the countries that counted, including

America. It was his first trip abroad, and he made the most of it, visiting famous mountain resorts, cathedrals, palaces, great, throbbing metropoli.

"And, yet," he said, "there's no place like home."

## Golf Notes

The November Outing of the Golf Club was held at The Lakes, on the 25th November, and took the form of a Four Ball Best Ball Competition. Dr. Daly and Arnold Tancred being the winners with a score of 5 up.

The runners-up were Dr. Pittar and Mr. E. A. Nettlefold—3 up.

The Sweep winners were:—

F. Paul and E. Pratt; and I. Green and W. Diftort.

For the first time in a Club Competition since the beginning of



Mr. A. Basser.

Tattersall's Golf Club one of the members, Adolph Basser, holed in one. This was at the 3rd hole, a distance of 173 yards.

The preceding Four Ball and his partner and Opponents formed a Guard of Honour with upraised drivers through which the "Perpetrator" marched to retrieve his ball.

The event was celebrated in appropriate fashion at the 19th, where Adolph generously paid the time-honoured penalty.

### NEXT OUTING.

Thursday, 17th December. Manly Golf Club. Stableford Par. "Henry E. Coleman" Bowl Event.



GRAN  
MANUFACTURA  
DE TABACOS

INDEPENDENT FACTORY

# FLOR DE A. ALLONES

MADE IN HAVANA



HABANA, CUBA  
DIAZ, HNOS Y CA (SUCESTORES)

The finest Cigar Leaf in the world, is grown on the Island of Cuba, and the pick of this leaf is produced in a small area in the west of the island known as Vuelta Abajo.

It is from this area that the leaf used in the manufacture of the famous FLOR DE A. ALLONES Cigars is grown.

FLOR DE A. ALLONES Cigars are grown, blended and manufactured in Havana. They are recognised by connoisseurs throughout the world, as the most perfect cigar, their quality never varying.

THE FLOR DE A. ALLONES Cigar is produced in eight shapes, the craftsmanship and quality of each being perfection itself. FLOR DE A. ALLONES are Imported direct from Havana, by TATTERSALL'S CLUB.

*Representatives*

**McLAUGHLIN & CO. LTD.**  
185 CLARENCE STREET, SYDNEY. Phone: M 4865

**ASK  
FOR IT**



**TATTERSALL'S CLUB**

SPECIALY IMPORTED

# HOUSE WHISKY

The  
Quality  
Never  
Varies



(Highland Nectar)

PRODUCE OF SCOTLAND

Bottled under the supervision  
of the Commonwealth Customs



# FIVE MILLION MILES ON SUPERCHARGERS WITHOUT TROUBLE!

**Until you have seen the GRAHAM "Supercharger"  
your motoring knowledge is incomplete**

● Perhaps you have driven a particular make of car for a number of years and believe yourself to be completely satisfied. Perhaps you have grown accustomed to a particular standard of performance and are content with the annual improvements your chosen car manufacturer makes. You regard yourself, quite rightly as an experienced motorist. But let us respectfully make one point perfectly clear. *Your motoring knowledge is not complete or up-to-date until you have seen the GRAHAM Supercharger and given it a full test under road conditions.*

The term "car performance" takes on an entirely new meaning with the entry of the GRAHAM Supercharger into the lower-price field. Many so-called "outstanding features" of even the latest car designs are rendered

insignificant by the introduction of this amazing car engineering principal into the ordinary automotive field. New economy, new speeds, new, even starting, new standards of performance have been brought into reality by GRAHAM'S latest and greatest discovery.

If you take motoring seriously, if you regard the purchase of a new car as an important investment, if you are progressive as well as cautious in your outlook, you will take an early opportunity of inspecting and testing the GRAHAM Supercharged Six under actual road conditions. We invite you to do this without the slightest obligation. *Because GRAHAM Superchargers have given 5,000,000 miles of motoring without any trouble whatsoever this invitation has special significance.*

*If unable to call at our showrooms your telephone will bring a GRAHAM Supercharged Six to the door of your office or home.*



**GARRATT'S**

148-150 Castlereagh Street,  
Sydney.

'Phone: M 2011 (6 lines)



**LIMITED**

And at 41 Hunter Street  
West, Newcastle.